GNOSIS: APOCRYPHON 1/12

The One is one. No one is one like One.
Unseen, beyond all sight, and pure - beyond
Whatever can decay or be corrupt.
Think not 'divine', since He is more
Than 'God'; supreme above whatever is,
This Spirit needs no other lesser one,
For all that now exists exists in Him.
Since He does not persist in time, He needs
No life that throbs with temporality.
He is ineffable, entirely pure.
Not limited - what limit could extend? –
He is beyond all these. Not physical –
What body could enclose His boundless might?
None should ask, 'What is His quantity?'
Nor should enquire, 'What is His quality?'
To comprehend His kind. Not one among
A type, He is alone, unique, without
A peer. For Him the ages do not run,
His Being unmeasured by the temporal.
Location in a place, implies a space
And time doled out. But He is without need:
There is no prior one from whom He may
Receive, and none for whom He yearns within
His perfect sphere of light. He contemplates
His purity alone. As Life itself,
No One but He gives life. Beyond Decay,
Beyond all striving's aim; before all speech
And all that can be named, the head and heart
Of all that truly is, from Him all flows
To any that exists apart from Him -
If beneficence has said it should.

© Phillip Medhurst 2009